





Elsie from  
Minnesota.

# ONLY a DOLL.

by HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

She's only a doll-my dolly  
Her name is Sylvia Jane,  
Jenny for short when  
— we're only —  
At play in the field  
— or lane.



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Bobby goes flying  
— ever so high,  
See-saw - see-saw!

Down to the grass  
go Jenny and I, —  
See-saw - see-saw!





I am Polly—  
the other is Bell,  
And Bell's pet dolly  
is swinging as well,  
Her name is Molly—  
Bell says  
I'm to tell.







Here you see it's  
washing day,  
The merry wind it blows,  
Bell is nursing Jenny  
While I wash her  
clothes.







And Molly, Bell's dolly  
Sits in a chair—  
No one to nurse her,  
No clothes to wear.





It's  
sunny summer tide  
And to visit the blue sea,  
A donkey plump  
and brown,  
Takes Sylvia and me.





I'm going to have  
a bath,

But sylvia must wait,  
The sea is rather cold,  
And she's so delicate,  
Since Molly, Bell's  
poor pet  
Came by her  
fearful fate.







So in our little pails,  
We carry home  
— some sea. —  
And Jenny has a bath  
Directly after  
tea.







A lovely smart  
new house  
And a hat and a gown,  
Father brought for her  
When he went —————  
————— to town





And then  
we had a party  
And lots of other girls,  
Brought their  
newest dollies  
In smart new  
hats and  
courls.





And sylvia's behaviour  
Was beautiful to see,  
A girl with sweet  
twin dollies  
Remarked on it to  
me.







She's only a doll - my Jenny -  
But so uncommon you see,  
I'm certain I love her better  
Much better than  
she loves me.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.









